

Set the Ball a-Rolling! "Death Notch, the Destroyer," Oil Coomes' Masterpiece, Next Week!

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No. 135.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY FRANK M. IMBRE.

The April sky was clouded o'er,
The storm-king sing his merriest glee,
The crystal rain-drops swiftly fell
Like gems from heaven's cloud-canopy;
The sun, like a red fire, shone bright,
Vailed in a shadow-dusky hue, and then
Like weird, enveloped worshipers
Who bore a shun for pardon sued.

My prattling child stood by my knee,
Viewing me the changing sky;
Thought lit her pearly baby brow,
And nestled in her dimmed eye.

Lo, we gazed on scenes unseene,
And gloomy sunlight robed our world;
Fleecy, with silvery clouds appeared,
And heaven's insignia seemed unfurled.

Softly the little wonderer spoke:
"Mamma, did God send that big rain?
To wash the clouds' black faces off,
Or did the sun then bright again?"

I scarce could answer, for I thought
Seemed strangely beautiful to me;
Reflection hidden in its depths,
Bent with a pure simplicity.

Thought after thought rushed through my
mind;

I pondered, could lessons learn
From infant lips those childish words
With truth prophetic seemed to burn.

Our blackest sorrows oftentimes turn
To blessings bright, whose mystery
Embraces with light the passing clouds,
Whose advents form life's history.

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A DURAND PORTRAIT.

MADAME's ebony stick tapped across the paved court, and her high-heeled boots clicked an accompanying sound. She stooped over where heliotrope tangled with grape-vine, and plucked a sprig of the fragrant purple bloom.

Love of flowers was madame's grand passion, and she placed the spray of heliotrope in the lace of her bodice.

"Cypress I'll have none of," she said, passing her wrinkled hands over the tangled mass of tendrils. "Cypress is the type of death, and I shudder at the thought of death. Bah! I know well that all superstition is folly; it is silly this fancy of mine that the shadow of the dark valley menaces me."

"It was that meddlesome Thancroft put the notion in my brain through so persistent urging on the subject of my will. What can it be to him—it is not more vital to me, I wonder? But there's plenty of time for that—plenty of time."

"My lawyer friend grows troublesome when he becomes importunate; he is insolent when he openly reproaches me for what he calls neglect of duty, forgetfulness of natural ties. It is convenient, this utter absence of heart-feeling; it is well that I tore wounded affection out when it was bleeding from its fresh hurt. Some people petrify their hearts and carry a stone instead, but not Madame Durand, oh, no!"

"I turn my attention to my digestion; I get rid of my bile, and am happy. Melancholy, morbidity, unhappiness, all a disease; I wonder that people don't discover the philosophy of healthy existence and be done with distressing passions."

"That Thancroft, now! What right has he to let his conscience trouble him for other people's faults. The idea of a lawyer having a conscience is ridiculous, and his application of it still more so. And yet he does not anger me as another would by his unwarranted interference. I wonder what he would say if he knew that the new whim he is so indignant over chances to be my way of effecting the justice he is so urgent to enforce upon me?"

Madame chuckled softly, and went her way up the piazza steps.

A glass door from the drawing-room opened upon the piazza, but madame saw fit to take a roundabout way through a little ante-room at the side. She came in so softly, too, despite the high heels and the stick that could make such a clatter at times, that Milly Ross, in the act of rescuing some small article from the stained and polished oak floor, looked up with a visible start.

"Nervous, Milly?" asked madame, in her quick, domineering way. "Take care; take valerian. I'm opposed to nerves; there's no sense in being troubled with them, and I'll not have people with weak nerves about me. What's that?"

"Only a glove that was dropped; it belongs to one of the young gentlemen, I think."

"Humph, humph! Primrose kid, with the scent of violets. Lucian Ware's, of course. Problem: how many pairs of the same sort can he sport on an allowance of a hundred a year and the trifles over he may earn at clerk's copying?—and he's not partial to that either, according to Mr. Thancroft's account. 'What brand, Milly-Alexandre?'

"Louvre, madame."

"Good taste, but expensive."

Madame chuckled and raised her stick, as though she would have twirled the primrose kid upon its end, but, changing her mind, lowered it again.

"The young ladies, Milly—have they come down?"

"They are dressed, and waiting for your summons."



"Oh, she is dead! she is dead!" shrieked Fay, and straightway relapsed into hysteria.

"Is Erne here?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then call down Miss Durand and Miss St. Orme."

Madame went briskly on into the room where the gentlemen were waiting. Milly Ross fumbled the glove she still held, and glanced doubtfully after her odd old mistress.

"Such a turn as she gave me coming suddenly like that," she whispered. "I'm all a-tremble from it. Seemed as though her eyes saw straight through me, and the glove, too; I certainly thought she knew."

Milly's thin fingers groping in the recesses of the glove drew out a strip of rustling white paper, with a few words scrawled upon it. It seemed that the glove had been dropped with a purpose which this pale maid of madame's fully understood.

She went slowly back to the circular hall and up the winding stair to announce madame's desire to the two young girls.

Mirabel stood by the sitting-room window, watching the shadows as they stole slowly between the rows of the orchards.

Fay twisted her ringlets and admired herself before the short, wide mirror inclined above the mantelpiece.

"I began to despair of madame's ever wanting us," she said, with a half-pout, "and I never look so well when I'm kept waiting in toilette. How do I appear, Ross? I've been waiting for a compliment from Miss Durand for half an hour, and I know I merit one, for I made it a study to look my sweetest. Now, tell me, did you ever see any one half so pretty in this horrid wilderness?"

"We have some that claim to be beauties even here, Miss," returned Ross. "None prettier than you, though, I'm bound to say."

"Oh, then we're not quite shut away from all the world? I'm glad to know that. Now, Miss Durand, it's your turn to tell what you think of me!"

Mirabel looked at her with a grave, critical face, but with an amused gleam in her great dusky eyes.

"It doesn't always answer to be candid," she said, with an air of half-doubt.

"But I want you to be. I love to have people admire me."

"That is just it, Miss St. Orme. I can't truthfully declare that I admire you to any positive degree. I have a very discriminating taste, and you are by no means perfect according to my judgment. At first glance you appear to be a very pretty little boy, but an attempt to analyze your style brings out numberless defects."

"In the first place, your hair is too yellow, and has too many kinks and crinkles in it to please my taste."

"Golden—everybody says it is the true golden shade," interrupted Fay. "And it curts beautifully."

"You have a very tolerable figure to be so tiny," Mirabel went on, composedly. "Your features are scarcely regular, your nose is actually a little *retrouse*, your mouth is a trifle too small, and it's so crooked—"

"Crooked! It's a perfect curve," cried Fay, indignantly.

"Then your complexion is so vividly red and white. You are decidedly plump; you have creases in your shoulders, and your eyes are green where they should have been gray."

"Beryl, Miss Durand; and a very unusual shade, I assure you. I should say that you are ill-natured and envious, but I see you are only trying to quiz me by finding fault. Think of having my dimples called creases, or to slur over the 'lily and rose' of my complexion as you have done! I'm quite sure none of my admirers would recognize me by your description. Now, I'm going to return good for evil, Miss Durand. You are splendid—superb! You do well to affect entire simplicity of dress, for it seems to enhance your natural attractions. I believe that shabby black silk would look absolutely dowdyish on any one else, but you couldn't be any thing but queenly if you tried. Still I should have thought you would wear something better, considering that it is our first appearance, and Ross hinted that there are to be gentlemen, too."

"It is my best," said Mirabel, smiling at the little malice of the transparent artifice.

"You don't say! Why, I have any number as good as this one. You see, uncle

St. Orme was very particular that I should be well-dressed, and when I wanted a grease-spot on my latest. I was careful, too, that the soiled spot shouldn't interfere with making over, so I have a plentiful wardrobe. You see what a little good management does."

Mirabel laughed.

"I thought you were a little hypocrite, and now I know it," said she.

"You are so horribly outspoken," pouted Fay; "but then I suppose you know it becomes you. Now I can say disagreeable things, but I have to make believe I don't mean them when I want to be charming."

"Beg pardon!" interrupted Milly Ross, stoically. "I'm afraid madame will think you're not to tell her all you happen to hear, I hope!"

"Not if I care to keep my ears cool," retorted Ross, dryly. "Madame is too wise for that."

"Very considerate of madame, I say. Just lead the way then, and you, Miss Durand, give me your arm down that horrid staircase."

They entered the drawing-room, still arm in arm, for Fay had so maneuvered, knowing that their differing styles would act as a foil one to the other.

"The two young men bowed low as they were presented, and remained standing for a moment, passing commonplaces, until the gong sounded.

Lucian Ware stepped quickly forward and tendered his arm to Madame Durand. Madame liked attention, and Lucian was never too much absorbed to remember self-interest.

"Age before beauty, and at a sacrifice," said she, tapping him lightly with her fan and nodding her head toward the two beautiful girls.

"It is no sacrifice when they both go to

gether, madame," returned the young man, gallantly.

No hostess could be more charming than the madame when she was so disposed. This night she was the embodiment of amiability, and her sprightly bon mots seemed to verify her pet idiosyncrasy that cheerfulness and a good digestion are inseparable.

Mr. Thancroft, won over by the stuffed goose, relaxed the constrained official manner which always made its appearance with any thing causing him displeasure.

Erne Valere, with Fay at his side, said little; but his glance rested upon her, expressing admiration, and he listened to her light chatter in a maze that did not let him dip beneath the sparkling surface of the moment's enjoyment so vividly real to him just then. He seemed to have been transported to a brighter atmosphere since the door had opened to admit the two girls side by side. But it was Fay's form that delighted his eye, and Fay's voice made music in his ear even when he addressed himself in ordinary way to others about him.

He had been thrown but little into the society of women; he had known nothing of their gentle influence. Madame's capricious patronage came nearest to womanly tenderness that he had felt in all his life, and dazzling Fay St. Orme came like a bewildering vision taking him at the disadvantage of total inexperience and a romantic belief in all the womanly virtues with which poets have endowed the sex.

She was, as she expressed it, looking her "sweetest." She wore a *lace* silk of a rose tint that took the light with a wondrous sheen. Her pearl-white shoulders were bare, and her glittering hair fell in a bright cascade, with no other adornment than a cluster of rose-geranium leaves of new, tender growth.

Mirabel had been allotted to the lawyer's charge, and was calmly indifferent to the fact that the goose held precedence in his mind.

They went back to the parlor when dinner was over. Lights were brought in as daylight faded, and the curtains dropped as the moon climbed slowly up.

"I don't like moonshine," said madame, "and night-dews are unhealthy. Moonshine and romance, dew-distilled and sore throats, aren't according to my programme. I hope you young people aren't foolish enough to prefer them."

"Certainly not the consequences," laughed Fay.

"I always doted on moonlight," said Fay, sweetly. "But of course madame is the wisest."

"That's right, young lady," nodded madame, approvingly. "You'll do well if you never assert your will ahead of the judgment of wiser people."

"I'm such an inexperienced little thing," cooed Fay, crossing the room to drop on an ottoman at madame's feet. "I do hope you'll advise me. I want to please you, Madame Durand, and I'm so apt to do foolish things of myself."

"That's all very well, Miss St. Orme," said madame, with a chuckle. "You wouldn't be here, let me assure you, if I didn't mean to give you the benefit of my individual views."

"It's so kind of you."

"Oh, very kind!" Madame's sarcastic inflex conveyed little appreciation of either Fay's gratitude or her own generous action.

"I suppose, Miss Durand, you are quite overcome by grateful emotions—too much overpowered to express your feelings, eh?"

"I have returned no thanks, because I do not yet understand the position I am expected to maintain here," answered Mirabel. Madame's imperious manner clashed sadly with the Durand pride as represented in Mirabel.

"Oh, then you haven't every confidence in the kindness of my intentions? But you shall not remain in ignorance!" cried madame, vivaciously. "Listen, Miss St. Orme; for you, too, will be included in my exactions."

"I shall receive you in the capacity of my youthful companions. You shall read to me in the mornings, play or sing, or embroider, just as I may feel disposed. You shall take joint charge of my laces and such portions of my wardrobe as I may choose to trust to you. Ross is my dressing-maid, but she is apt to bungle the laces. Then there's the gardening, and the household affairs, which I must have a rigid account of, and you shall see that the housekeeper's book is rightly balanced. In the afternoon you shall dress to please me, and you can walk within prescribed limits or drive with me. You shall make calls with me once a week, and share the honors on my day for receiving. We'll find plenty to occupy your time, young ladies."

"And what return shall we have for the performance of these various duties?" asked Mirabel, gravely, while Fay turned away her head to make a distressful *moue* in the direction of the two young men.

"Return!" cried madame. "Did I not say you shall be my companions? Have I not signified my intention of giving you a home at the manse? Of course I shall find your wardrobes; if you were strangers, now, I would arrange some stipulated salary, but being relatives—"

"Dependent relatives," suggested Mirabel.

"Dependent relatives," amended madame, "I shall see that you are properly provided for."

Mirabel inclined her head in silent acknowledgment, and Fay, not relishing the subject of conversation, broke the thread in her artless way.

With head drooping a little aside, she tentatively regarded a portrait upon the wall.

"If that is a Durand, madame, you can never disclaim me. I've been studying myself in the mirror and making comparisons for five minutes, and if it were not for the quaint old style of dress and hairdressing, I could almost believe it to be my own portrait."

The painting represented a young blonde beauty with cast of features and bright yellow hair very much like Fay's indeed. The hair was dressed in a mass of heavy curls on the top of the head, looped there by a high comb and confined with an azure band.

The dress was a bright azure silk with pointed bodice and short puffed sleeves; a necklace of pearls and amethyst encircled the throat, depending a locket of medallion shape, with a vaguely-traced monogram in crusted gems.

"It is a Durand," said madame, grimly. "You shall hear her history if you like. I don't think you'll envy her much, or care to boast of any resemblance, though she was a beauty, as you may see, and a belle in her day."

"To begin: it seems a fatality that the Durand estate shall descend through female heirs. The name would have been extinct ages ago, except that the daughters of the house have clung to it, making it a provision always that their husbands shall assume the family name."

"To Madame Rosalie there we owe this branch of the house. Her husband was one M. Valliers, who transformed himself into Valliers Durand when he married the heiress of a chateau and vineyard in the south of France, some two centuries ago.

"M. Valliers was both young and handsome, but nevertheless he soon was violently jealous of the gay and giddy young Madame Rosalie. There were a dozen dashing cavaliers, any one of whom he was ready to believe was his successful rival in madame's affections, but he was not disposed to gratify her secret wish by rushing into a duel and getting killed on her account. He was miserly of her charms, and thought to run away from his trouble by coming to America, which was enough of a wilderness then.

"Husbands had greater control over their wives in that day than at the present time, and it was very much against her will that Madame Rosalie sold out her chateau and her vineyard to follow her master to the new home.

"It would seem that Monsieur's distrust was not all set at rest. He brought workmen from his own land, and, when they had completed their task, sent them back again. They built here upon this very spot, but the tower is all that remains complete of their handicraft, the manse being partially torn down and rebuilt in my father's time, a hundred years ago.

"After they were settled fairly, M. Valliers Durand grew exceedingly negligent of his young wife. He went on long expeditions through the almost trackless wilds, and it was reported that he found some reckless associates in the thicker settlements on the Virginia soil.

"Madame Rosalie must have found it dreary, left with the little girl who was her only child, the servants, and the friendly savages that wandered her way; but she ensured her seclusion wonderfully well.

"So well, indeed, that M. Durand saw fit to come unexpectedly home one day, and to enter by a secret way, of which madame herself was not aware. They say that he succeeded in surprising the infatuated lover who had followed his beautiful mistress. If there was a scene it was not a violent one, but the unfortunate lover was never seen after he left the place."

"They say that Monsieur became immediately very solicitous in his manner to his wife, and among other evidences of his awakening regard was the fact of his presenting her with an amethyst and pearl necklace which she had long coveted. He had let her wear it on the occasion of having her portrait painted by one of the great masters, soon after their marriage, but he was careful that she should have possession of it only for short intervals. Now he insisted that she should wear it constantly. But Madame Rosalie had no need of jewels soon after that; one tradition says that she died of remorse, another that the necklace was poisoned. The latter version would seem to have truth in it, for after her death M. Durand broke the links composing it, and destroyed every one of the alternating pearls."

Fay drew a regretful sigh as madame paused.

"What a pity! But then if it had been saved no one would have dared to wear it, I suppose."

"The necklace? Whatever the missing gems may have been, the amethysts were perfectly harmless. They were reset as at first, alternating with pearls, and I wore them on my wedding-day."

"Oh, mayn't we see them? that's a dear madame," coaxed Fay, entreatingly.

"Humph!" said madame, turning away abruptly. "Why, where is Lucian Ware?"

CHAPTER V.

SOME FAMILY HISTORY.

They looked about them in some surprise, for no one had observed Lucian quite the apartment.

"Gone out to enjoy the moonlight, I dare say," observed Erne, crossing the room to swing open the door which just stood ajar, and disclosing the piazza flooded with white, brilliant light.

"People to their tastes, but Lucian Ware might be more respectful without overdoing common civility," cried madame. "I don't admire this spirit of the age. Young people are quite too independent, too inconsiderate and ingracious in their deportment to their elders. Fifty years ago, if a youngster was bored by a prosy tale, he felt in duty bound to sit it out all the same."

"Oh, I wonder that Mr. Ware could slip away voluntarily when all the rest of us were so much interested in your story, dear Madame Durand," said Fay. "I don't see the good of making an ad over his delinquency though, since the loss is all on his side. You were quite right in saying I would not envy that richly dressed beauty up there on the wall when I should know her history. Poor thing! one can almost pity her with the monster of a husband she had, but of course she deserved to be punished. What became of him, Madame Durand?"

"Killed by savages when pursuing one of his journeys, and served him right, too," answered madame, sententiously. "She deserved her fate, and he earned his."

"How strange it seems," said Mirabel, thoughtfully. "Every crime is followed by an atonement. Natural laws warn one against the committal of sin, since consequent punishment of some kind is inevitable."

"Stuff!" ejaculated the little lawyer, who seemed to have grown indignant and fidgety. "More criminals go unhang who dearly deserve hanging, than rogues are brought to justice."

"I did not mean that the atonement is always evident," said Mirabel. "Bitter, unavailing remorse, is a powerful weapon in the cause of just retribution."

"Stuff!" ejaculated the lawyer again.

"People who are bothered with extreme sensitiveness will suffer acutely for a simple fault; while others who are phlegmatic, unimaginative and hard-hearted, can commit almost any crime in the catalogue and never suffer a pang for it. The family history of the Durands can show more evidences of cruelty than this one with which we have been regaled, and not balanced by any atonement, either."

"According to your own deductions, Mr. Thancroft," cried madame, wheeling about to cast a displeased glance at him. "Don't you know you ought to be a legal anatomy, a creature with no more feeling than your own law tomes, and no more blood than your shrivelled parchments. And yet you rave about sensitiveness, and cruelty, and what-not, that has no business to exist at all—or, existing, you have no concern in suspecting. You are taught to judge by facts. Mr. Thancroft, but you let your own opinions get the better of your judgment sometimes."

"As a profound opinionator."

Don't you know that, my good legal friend?"

"If I don't it's not for lack of illustration," retorted the lawyer.

"You are excitable, Mr. Thancroft. I think you must suffer from indigestion; nothing is more apt to make a person irritable. You should see to it; you don't know what a string of ills may arise from indigestion."

Madame's suddenly assumed solicitude was more than the lawyer could endure with equanimity.

"Heaven preserve me from heartlessness," he cried. "I am coming to almost believe in your boast, Madame Durand. I think you must have turned your heart into a gizzard. Talk of common humanity, and you preach indigestion; counsel a forgiving spirit or a just act, and I presume you would prescribe liver pills. Oh, yes, madame! I am ready to believe at last that you are heartless."

"See the curiosity you have excited in the minds of these young people, Mr. Thancroft," madame exclaimed, "and curiosity is a vulgar emotion. They are agape for more of the Durand history and they shall be gratified, this once. These young ladies shall learn the sort of obedience I shall exact from them."

"My good lawyer here has indirectly reproached me with cruelty: he has thrown out an insinuation that I ought to be walking with peas in my shoes to some distant Mecca, instead of living on fowl and game, and taking my ease here at the manse."

"That is his way of looking at the matter, but I am justified in my own sight, fully."

"You heard me say the Durand inheritance has come down through a line of females, so you will not be surprised to know that I am a true Durand."

"There is a little sequel to the history of Madame Rosalie there that is woven in with my own story. She wedged one M. Valliers, and—a point which I purposely omitted before—the unfortunate lover who was the husband of my constancy was I shall exact from them."

"My good lawyer here has indirectly reproached me with cruelty: he has thrown out an insinuation that I ought to be walking with peas in my shoes to some distant Mecca, instead of living on fowl and game, and taking my ease here at the manse."

"It was but natural you should feel anger at your son's waywardness, but you forget that it was your own spirit reproduced in him, encouraged moreover by your own example, which prompted him. I declare that you were harsh—cruelly harsh!—to the young woman, Jules' wife, when she pleaded your forgiveness for her husband. But I do not think you actually comprehended the sore strait to which they were reduced."

"Ah, madame!" cried the lawyer, "you compel me to take up the tale in your own defense. Heaven knows that you were hard enough, and I have always disapproved your course, but you were not so remorselessly cruel as you leave these young people to infer."

"It was but natural you should feel anger at your son's waywardness, but you forget that it was your own spirit reproduced in him, encouraged moreover by your own example, which prompted him. I declare that you were harsh—cruelly harsh!—to the young woman, Jules' wife, when she pleaded your forgiveness for her husband. But I do not think you actually comprehended the sore strait to which they were reduced."

"The poor child—she was nothing but a child—was half-crazed by sorrow and want. You did not realize that until afterward, I am sure. Relentless as you were, you would not willingly have consigned your son to such a death."

"You thought it an artifice—a deceit practiced to influence you to receive his wife and child. You were wrong, you know; but I have always found that much excuse for you."

"I think when you had considered a little you would have gone in search of them, but for the discovery of a rash act which Jules' wife had committed."

"The necklace of pearls and amethysts, which lay in its case upon your dressing-table, was missing, and you knew that she alone could have taken it. You said, wrathfully, 'Let it go; it is the only portion they shall ever have.'

"But when you heard that Jules was dead—so awfully dead—you went at once to that little village, twenty miles from here. You were not subdued, or merciful, or forgiving, even then. If you felt sorrow no one ever knew it. He was a suicide, and his body could not be laid in consecrated ground, but you caused it to be privately buried in a spot which had been a favorite haunt of his in his wayward, boisterous boyhood."

"Ah, madame, madame!" cried the lawyer, brokenly, raising his clasped hands toward her, as if he were appealing mercy for himself. "How you conquered remorse and despair, I know not. How you could see the bright young life—such a happy life as it had been once, and you so proud of it—blotted out so foully, ended so sorrowfully, with not a curse hurled back at you from the border of eternal space, but a muttered prayer that you might be forgiven—how you could know that the outstretching of your hand would have saved him, and not go mad with self-horror and reproach, I can not know."

Madame's bright black eyes, fixed upon the lawyer's face, had never wavered nor dimmed.

Her hands, lying in her lap, had been quiescent, but now she caught up the stick by her side and rapped sharply upon the floor.

"Enough, Mr. Thancroft. Quite enough of such rhapsodizing. I don't like it—I detest it. A man of your age and a lawyer! you should be ashamed of your own weakness, sir!"

"Ah, madame, Heaven alone knows from whence you derive your inflexible strength. But to continue:

"You gave money to relieve the wants of Jules' loved ones. The poor young wife was stricken down very near to the gates of death, but you made no attempt to console her in her wild grief. You made provision for her wants and stimulated that the child should be well cared for, but, when she rallied, she would accept nothing at your hands."

"What became of her or the boy I never knew, except that you told me afterward she was dead, but the lad was alive and well."

"You know how I begged and prayed for him to bring him here, your own son's son; at least he was innocent of all wrong against you. But you would not, nor would you let me know his whereabouts; had you

would avenge the injuries we had received at the hands of our enemies.

"I selected a fitting wife for Jules, the daughter of a wealthy Virginia planter, whose family was old and honorable as our own."

"For the first time in his life my son disobeyed me. He would marry, he said, only the woman his heart had chosen.

"Imagine my horror when I discovered he had fallen in love with a penniless girl, and worse still—a Valliers!"

"I exhorted him to renounce the traitress—in blood she was a traitress—so to consummate the revenge which his father's death demanded.

"He refused utterly. He married the girl in defiance of my will, and from that day he was to me as one of the hated family he had openly espoused.

"I never saw him again in life. But two years later the woman who had enticed him away from me, came to beg at my gates. Her husband, she said, lay dying at a little village twenty miles away. He had come that far on his way to the manse to implore my forgiveness, and to beg my care for his wife and child.

"He should have known that I never forgive.

"But twenty miles away he had succumbed—to what, think you? Simply, starvation!"

"She implored me in my son's name, and I answered her that I had no son. I learned then what I had not known before—that she was the last of the Valliers; as he was the last of our branch of the Durands; but there was the child in her arms, a puny, tiny infant, and it had the detested blood in its veins.

"I let her rave, but I would not listen to her, and I sent her away with no word of consolation for the man who was reaping the fruits of his error. Three days after that I heard that Jules Durand had died—a suicide!" He had brought the Fate upon himself.

"And now, Mr. Thancroft there would reproach me for my part in that little drama of life and death. Ma foi! what a world it is when another's follies be transformed into our faults.

"I have nothing with which to reproach myself, and I regret nothing."

Madame paused, but seemed to reiterate her last words in the light, measured tap of her stick upon the floor.

"The young people ventured upon no remark, and the pitiless old woman who sat there telling her tale with as much composure as if it had been an idle day's gossip, passed her wrinkled jeweled hands over the other and chuckled softly to herself as she peered in her round-eyed birdlike fashion alternately into the faces of each to read the expressions there.

"Ah, madame!" cried the lawyer, "you compel me to take up the tale in your own defense. Heaven knows that you were hard enough, and I have always disapproved your course, but you were not so remorselessly cruel as you leave these young people to infer."

"I don't much wonder Mr. Lucian preferred so much beauty to that dingy, coop-ed-up room," said Fay, with a shrug of the bare dimpled shoulders, which gleamed above the shawl she had drawn loosely about her. "I admire his liking for the open night, but not his taste for solitude. I don't like to be left alone, ever."

"I am sure there must be plenty who wish you never need be," said Erne, timidly. "So little accustomed to ladies' society was he that the compliment implied fell trippling from his tongue. But if his expression was awkward, the eloquent light in his dark eyes made atonement for the fault."

"Delightful!" thought Fay. "I'm sure I'd have died if I hadn't found somebody to flirt with."

"There," she said, in her pretty, childlike manner, "I suppose you mean something, but I'm sure I don't know. I hope you're not in the habit of flattering people, Mr. Valere."

"Not I," he replied, smiling.

"That sounded like a compliment, you know, and I don't like people to say pretty things to me just for politeness' sake."

"I am not an adept in the art of saying pretty things," he returned, quietly.

"In all that I say be sure I am always sincere."

"Oh, then I'll be sure that I have a friend here in my new home. It seemed like leaving every thing that was bright in the world to come away from all who loved me to this wilderness of a place. To tell you the truth, I couldn't reconcile myself at first. But then mamma was so dreadfully poor, and though uncle St. Orme is rich, he has a half-dozen girls of his own to provide for. They were all horridly plain, too; and the gentlemen would always send up their cards to me—though I didn't want them to, and—Well, it used to make the girls disagreeable and cross."

She glanced up into his face deprecatingly, as if she feared he too might disapprove, but he only pressed her hand silently in sympathy.

"Mamma had a proposal to travel as companion to an invalid lady friend just at the time madame's invitation was forwarded to me through Mr. Thancroft. I knew it would be so much pleasanter for her than remaining dependent upon my uncle, so I assured her that I was quite willing to be forwarded to madame's care. I'm afraid you would think me a dreadfully selfish little thing if I should tell you how hard my own struggle was."

"It was natural," said Fay, sweetly, "and I would not grieve her where I could help. So I pretended that the summer passed up here in the mountains would be delightful pastime, and when that was over, I would be quite reconciled to the drearier aspect of the place so long as I could know that she was happy and comfortable. It wasn't so very wicked to fib a little in such a case, do you think?"

"Very pardonable," smiled Erne. "The more so that I hope and believe you will prove it all true yet."

Engrossed and enraptured as he was, he would have forgotten their mission utterly but Fay reminded him of it.

"Now, Mr. Valere, if you've any idea of the crooks and corners into which that inconsiderate but sensible young man may have strayed, suppose we endeavor to find him out. Madam will think we are tardy, and I don't want her to be vexed with me. What a funny old woman she is!"

"Funny?" interrogated Erne.

"Yes. So tiny, and she flies about in the queerest and most unexpected ways. She dresses so oddly, too, and says such horrid things just as though she really meant them."

"She does mean them," he replied gravely. "I believe she is just as hard, unyielding, and unmerciful, as she claims herself to be. She turned against her own son, as she told us to-night, though he only followed in her own steps by marrying a Valliers."

Mirabel was at the harmonium still, but arose as they entered.

She glanced smilingly toward Mr. Thane, nodding in his chair, and turned toward the figure sitting half in shadow.

"Have I soothed madame to sleep also?" she asked, softly. "My music exerted greater influence than I thought."

Fay danced across the room and dropped on the stool by the old lady's side.

"Such a fright as I've had," she began, reaching her soft fingers to caress the shrivelled hand on which diamonds gleamed brightly.

She sprung up with a horrified cry—her touch had met another, cold, clammy, deathlike.

"Oh, she is dead! She is dead!" shrieked Fay, and straightway relapsed into hysteria.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 133.)

The Red Scorpion:

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DESPERATE GAME.

On over the lonely road sped the carriage containing Karl Kurtz.

Tight to the trunk-board hung and coiled Dyke Rouel. It was a great trial of endurance, even with this lithe, sinewy personage, to maintain so difficult a hold for so long a time. But Dyke had made an engagement with Oscar Storms, and he meant to fulfill it.

Kurtz alighted at a street corner, and, bidding his man await him there, he turned away at a brisk walk, soon entering an unlighted, treacherous-looking avenue.

Before a dilapidated frame building he paused and knocked.

"Who's there?" demanded a thick voice from a window in the upper story.

"A friend, Cale; let me in."

After a few moments' delay, the bolt slid back, and Kurtz was permitted to enter.

It was a queer apartment to which this midnight visitor continued on—exhibiting, by his actions, a thorough familiarity with the place.

The white walls were outlined, in a hideous naturalness that would make one shudder, snakes and fierce birds, the heads of savage animals, with yawning mouths, and innumerable bugs. At one side was a narrow closet, and the half-open door discovered a chalky skeleton, whose fleshless face seemed to grin upon the beholder. A fireplace blazed with a few crackling, snapping logs, over which hung a kettle, foaming, hissing and emitting dense fumes; a large black cat, dozing near a pan of milk, purred loudly; and on the round ebonywood table, in the center, was a crooked candle, whose flame sputtered in a way that threatened to expire.

The man, the sole occupant of the house, who had admitted Kurtz, now joined the latter.

A tall, black, thin-featured negro of, perhaps, three-score years, yet his form was straight as an arrow, the eye was piercing in its strange, hard glance, no sign of age in his supple limbs, and only the white hair, and short beard of a corresponding color, would seem to indicate the frosts of life.

His manner was quiet; his countenance alive with intelligence; his voice low, yet of a baritone which, had it known cultivation, might have been rich in music.

And this was Cale Fez, the *Obi Man*—one of that incomprehensible and dreared race who, like the Thugs and Phansigars, are banded together in religious superstitions, for the promotion of individual gain, power, and even vengeance upon such as dare to cross them. One of those manufacturers of unguents, perfumes, essences, and even substances; one of those beings who, too cowardly to meet a foe openly, strike like a snake in the grass, and have made their terrible superiority in the use of drugs felt in nearly every quarter of the globe.

"Had you gone to bed, Cale?" asked Kurtz as the other entered.

"No. I was busy at my kettle. I called from the window up-stairs that any one listening might be deceived. I am not much liked among my neighbors, and they would wonder—with danger to me—if they knew that I sometimes sit by this fire throughout the night, working, working till the sun comes up again."

Kurtz appeared ill at ease under the influence of Cale's steady gaze.

"You are a man of many, many mysteries, Cale Fez," he said, after a long pause, as if hesitating to proceed with the business that brought him there.

"Why do you come to see me? Speak out. I have much to do before day."

"I—well, Cale Fez—I want to use you again."

"Ah?"

"Yes. You did not expect that, after eighteen years, I would come to buy another favor at your hands."

"What now?"

"Not an essence, this time, to give the scorpion sting a deadly venom, but something to—be administered direct to the man."

His listener did not move a muscle.

"And I want the drug," continued Kurtz.

"to be one that has no antidote. Can you make up such a thing?"

"No. A child of the order of Vaudoux compounds no poison for which he can not furnish an antidote. I can not favor you—again."

"Then I must be content with whatever you give."

"Be plain," said Fez, now folding his arms as he contemplated his customer.

"Say what it is you want—and then I may set its price."

"I have an enemy, Cale—"

"Few of us who have not. Well?"

"And when you have an enemy, you remove him?"

"You may think so," was the wily response.

"This one, Cale Fez, comes from Antoine Martinet."

"Ah?" The African opened his eyes a trifle wider.

"Listen. . . . Antoine Martinet is dead. But, before he died, he empowered this man—the enemy I speak of—to force a fulfillment of the contract, to the signing of which you were a witness, in this very room."

"Wait. He is a bold, bad man. He has

"Go on."

"Go on? Can you not see? This enemy must be put out of the way!"

"When?—how?"

"Now, and quickly. He is at my house this hour. But, quickly, if it be in a way that no physician, however apt, can detect a foul cause of death."

"No uninitiated eye can see our poisons," and Fez straightened himself the more, as if with a haughty pride. Then he asked:

"When do you want this?"

"I would like to take it with me to night."

Cale Fez silently stooped, and raising a small trap at his feet, drew out to view a box containing numerous labeled bottles set upright in square compartments. Looking over these, he selected one, and then returned the box to its place.

Holding up a vial of greenish fluid, he said:

"Mark, now, what I say: this is to be given in three doses. You see on the glass two scratched lines dividing the liquor into three equal parts. He who takes it is to drink it. Water is best—a dose to a tumful. When the two combine, this loses color and taste. Three days must be used for the three doses. Am I plain? You understand?"

"Perfectly. What is its effect?"

"The victim will not know of or feel it, until one hour after the third dose."

"And then?"

"He falls dead in his tracks."

"It will do. Let me have it," reaching out his hand to receive the deadly portion.

But Cale Fez withheld it, saying:

"The value is five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred! That's too much, Cale—"

"A good secret is worth a good price," interrupted the Obi Man, with that peculiar calmness that was to Karl Kurtz a source of uneasiness.

"And," he added, "if you did not bring so much money with you, you must return for it."

"Yes, yes. I brought twice that amount. I was determined to have the poison, even if it cost a thousand."

For a brief moment the habitual immobility of the African's countenance vanished, and an expression of disappointment rested there.

Inheriting all the avariciousness characteristic of the sect of which he was a member, he regretted not having charged double the sum for the concoction.

Karl Kurtz paid over the money and received the vial.

Having concluded his business with the Obi Man, he withdrew.

Cale Fez, from the shadow of his doorway, watched the receding figure as it moved in the pale moonlight—stood like a statue, and muttered:

"I will be wiser this time. Eighteen years ago, when you came to me for means to remove a rival, I was a sorry fool to let you go on with your plans, while I got nothing but a pittance at your will. I did not know you then, Robert St. Clair. Cale Fez has learned much in the years that have gone by. And money," his eyes lighting with an avaricious gleam, "will come the easier, now, since I have gotten at your fears. To-morrow I will be at Birdwood, but you won't see me—no—you won't see me."

He turned slowly back into the house, and resumed labor at the steaming kettle.

And as he stirred the boiling fluid round and round, his brain, like his hands, was steadily at work.

Karl Kurtz clutched the vial tightly as he hurried away from the den of the Obi Man.

He was filled with dark, fierce meditations. This beset and cornered man had resolved upon a desperate course—a course by which to escape the iron-gripping power of Vincent Carew.

"How are the horses?—tired?—ha?" he asked, when he returned to the waiting cab.

"Not much, sir," was the reply.

"Back to Birdwood, then. I must reach there before daylight."

In a few seconds the vehicle was rumbling over the cobbles; and inside, Karl Kurtz sat brooding on his plans.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNWELCOME WARNING.

DYKE ROUEL had dropped from his hold the moment the carriage stopped.

Darting behind a tree, he paused to overhear Kurtz instruct the driver to wait, and then he hastened away to find Oscar Storms' rooms.

By the pale light of the moon, he re-read the address upon the card Oscar had given him, so as to be sure he was right.

Rouel was a stranger in the city. At the first corner he encountered a policeman, whom he made inquiries.

It was not over two miles from the *Red Ox* to Birdwood. When he had gained a considerable distance, and a bend in the road screened him, he straightened up and started off on a run.

Jerry O'Connough was just rising—a custom of his to be up before the sun—when there came a loud knock at the tavern door, so abrupt, so unexpected, that it startled him.

"The devil!" he ejaculated, as he looked out to see who it was; and he added:

"Not the devil, either, or it's a stiff old rap he has in his fist—the—Now, what d'ye want down there?"

"Hurry. Open the door," came in gruff answer.

"Is it a hurry ye're in?"

"Come quick. I want to see you."

"Sure, I'll do the first, an' ye may do it in som' way."

"Reckon not, sir; it's clear gone. We'll drag'er up to the *Ox*."

"Ah!—the *Ox*." The man's words gave him an idea.

A faint light glimmered from one of the windows at the *Red Ox*, a short distance ahead.

"Well, do the best you can," he said; and then he walked briskly forward, in the direction of the light.

It was an object for him to reach Birdwood before daylight, and already the gray streaks of dawn were forming in the eastern sky.

Simultaneously with the occurrence of the accident, Rouel sprang into the shadow of the fence which lined the road. Crouching low, he pressed onward. It would never do for him to be absent when Vincent Carew awoke!

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considerable distance, he straightened up and started off on a run.

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"Is it a hurry ye're in?"

"Come quick. I want to see you."

"Sure, I'll do the first, an' ye may do it in som' way."

"Will you come down? I am in very great haste."

"An' isn't it, a-comin' I am?—there, now!"

"To warn me! Of what?" exclaimed and asked the young man in surprise.

"That you had best relinquish your attempt to win Lorilyn St. Clair."

"Ha! man, what do you mean?"

Rouel was impressively calm—this calmness, with his pale face and eyes that fastened meaningfully upon Storms, causing the latter a humor of impatience and half-checked excitement.

"I mean what I say," answered Dyke Rouel. "For two reasons, you had better give her up. My master—"

"Your master?" interrupted Oscar,

"why do you call him 'master'? There is something in you that tells me you were not born to be a servant—a slave—"

Kurtz anticipated him:

"I met with an accident on the road, and as I have to be at home before daylight, I thought you would accommodate me with a saddle-horse. I will return the animal shortly, and pay you well. Let me have it, please, quickly as possible."

Jerry lighted a lantern and proceeded to the stable. After a brief time, which seemed

set his heart upon this. Moreover, he holds Karl Kurtz in his power—"

"Karl Kurtz in his power!" Oscar was bewildered.

How many men held Karl Kurtz in their power?—for he had concluded that he wielded some dread influence over him, though ignorant of what it was; and as he had acted under instructions from Thaddeus Gimp, then the lawyer, too, must have some powerful hold.

Though he had heard the tone of authority assumed by Vincent Carew, on the night of the latter's arrival at Birdwood; though it was his face that had peered round the door-jamb, as at the conclusion of a former chapter; though he saw plainly that the comers on that night held some secret of Karl Kurtz, this was the first direct knowledge given him that Kurtz was in the power of Vincent Carew.

"I tell you not to interrupt me, sir," said Dyke. "Karl Kurtz must assist my master in winning Lorilyn St. Clair. He dare not refuse. Your love, if you

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too, are on the trail. They are Avengers of the Victims of the Spirit Lake Massacre. On their Mission of Vengeance they encounter the Mysterious Destroyer with whom their Fates are linked!

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Our Arm-Chair.

Popular Reading. We are glad to hear of the general prosperity of the popular papers. All that are good for any thing seem to be doing well, which argues well also for the public. Show us a reading people, and we'll show you a happy community. The family that "takes the papers" is almost sure to be one of intelligence; and the home that is denied the papers is almost sure to be no very desirable place, either for young or old.

It is one evidence of American prosperity and intelligence, that so great a proportion of the population is given to reading. No country on the earth supplies so many readers, in proportion to its population, as the United States, north of a given line, and it is fair to assert that no country on the globe is so intelligent, free and happy.

The time is not far distant when our best popular papers will have a combined circulation equivalent to two or three millions. Vast as such a number seems, it will only supply the reading families of a country where, not to be a reader, is a sign of dire ignorance. While in common with our contemporaries, we shall be gratified at all increase in our numbers of regular patrons and friends, we hope to render the SATURDAY JOURNAL so good and acceptable that, in that early future, it will be named the leading paper of all the popular weeklies.

Off Again! The Warren (Ill.) Sentinel says:

"Our assistant, Maj. Max Martine, contemplates a trip to the Yellowstone country. He has not had enough of 'Injun' life yet, it seems."

We had supposed that the Major had "put down his stakes" to stay; but, who ever knew a person, once infatuated with wild life on the plains, ever to abandon it willingly for the town? The Major, though college bred, is as natural a hunter and plains' rover as a Pawnee. One consolation our readers have—they will hear from the Yellowstone country!

Prof. Ben Zeen discoursed on his non-combustible coal oil, which he assured the savans was not dangerous as it could not be set afire under any consideration, and was an excellent thing to throw on a burning house, for it would put the fire out like water. It was the best thing in use for lamps. "You fill the lamp up with this oil," he said, "and stick a tallow candle in the lamp." He didn't hanker after the gold medal, but wouldn't decline it if it were pressed upon him.

Prof. D. Shrage illustrated the abnormal and toxicological science of sucking eggs. His experiment on the first egg was a success, but the second was a failure, as the egg was too ripe, and the professor was carried out on a board, with very bad breath, and in an unconscious state.

Prof. Z. Bray read a learned paper on the perturbations of the planets and the final dissolution of the firmament. He was proud to say that he drew his conclusions from what he had seen with his own eyes. Only the night before, he had seen the moon jumping around promiscuously; then there were two of them; the stars danced in the most abstracted manner. The question was raised

in the columns of some "conscientious" exchange. Keep on doing this in the most cold-blooded, impudent way you know how, and it will be written upon your tombstone, "Here lies a smart editor."

After which the copyists may consider themselves well rowed. Only this we ask: Just barely hint that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is your general source of supply, and, friends of the press, you may "adapt" and adopt as much from its columns as you please.

BRAIN-STEALERS.

It is not in my nature to harbor malice toward any one, and I try to think charitably of one and all, yet I can not overcome my hate of a certain set of individuals, whom I style brain-stealers. The dictations give them a much milder name—calling them plagiarists, though I do not feel as though I could do so.

I have no pity left for those who can be so wicked as to steal the brain-work of another and pass it off as their own. It is just as great a crime and sin to steal brains as it is to rob one of any thing else—a greater thing I think. I have seen many a piece, that I have known was written by one who was endowed with intellect, floating through the periodicals with the name of a person who had no literary talent of his own, but who was endeavoring to gain a reputation and money by using others' brain-work.

Shame on such mean, dishonest and dishonorable beings, who are not worthy to mix in decent society! Better be a poor writer all the days of your life than follow in the example of these pests of the literary field.

Two persons may have the same style of writing, introduce the same incidents, and both conceive the same plot, but they can not give the same story almost word for word, unless one copies from the other.

But plagiarism—like murder—is soon found out, and then the editor holds up to scorn the pilferer, for whom he should have no pity, since he deserves none.

I have known plagiarists to plead poverty as their excuse. Grim want stared them in the face. Something must be done—they were desperate—and so they took a story and copied it.

If I am poor, do I consider it necessary to enter a house and rob its money-chests, simply because one has worked for his wealth, and I have failed to get mine honestly?

You know I haven't. Then what right has any one to pry into the author's house—his brain—and steal his ideas? If you would be a true author, work as a true author works; but if you'd live on the toil of others, then go on in your bad habits of stealing, and you'll be a fit candidate for the State prison.

In the course of my travels I have visited numerous prisons, and have gazed on many an evil-doer. As I am something of a student of humanity, of course I have gazed into a great many faces to see if I could read their characters.

My staring must have caused the warden some wonder, for he said: "Why, Miss Lawless, do you know any of the inmates here?"

"No," was my answer, "but I know of some individuals who ought to be here."

"Ah! Who are they, pray?"

"Plagiarists."

"Under what head of criminals do they come?"

"The lowest class of pilferers—the basest set of thieves."

I have this matter at heart, as all who write for the press should have. It is our duty, brothers and sisters of the pen, to expose these disgraces to humanity. They have too long been leniently treated, but that is no reason why they should continue to be so any longer.

There, I have rapped some one's knuckles pretty hard, and I'll send them no salve to heal the wound! I honor an author who writes to benefit, but I feel like indenting my fingers into the eyes of a plagiarist.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Scientific Congress.

PROF. PORKENBENES read an able paper on the analysis of drinking water in various cities of the United States. New York, he thought, had the worst water. He found one glassful of it contained ten parts pure water, three of saccharine matter, and the other eighty-seven parts of "it doesn't matter at all" flavored with a spoon. Had tested several glasses of it and was made very sick by it.

Prof. Bunyan read an exhaustive scientific paper on the meanness of corns, and showed conclusively that people are better without them, and that they ought to be exterminated.

Prof. Parry Goric, the celebrated chemist, read a long article relating his great discovery of turning gold into cast-iron. He had worked years at the experiment, and had at last been successful. It was the proudest hour of his eventful life! Turning cast-iron into gold would be his next attempt. He borrowed five dollars of the president and went off down town.

Prof. Rotnigs read a paper on compressed air as a motor, and illustrated his theory with a quill gun waddled with sliced potato. During the experiment the president was struck in the eye by one of the wads, and the professor rode out of the door on the toe of the president's scientific boot.

Prof. Ben Zeen discoursed on his non-combustible coal oil, which he assured the savans was not dangerous as it could not be set afire under any consideration, and was an excellent thing to throw on a burning house, for it would put the fire out like water.

Prof. Adams is somewhere "on the wing." He, too, must "smell the wind," as he calls a three or four months' mustang ride in the Indian country and Rocky Mountains. Capt. Adams would rather shake a bear's paw, any time, than to welcome the Grand Duke. He takes to bears as naturally as a bear takes to honeycomb. We hope to hear from him soon again.

Who is Hit? That the SATURDAY JOURNAL supplies editorial paragraphs for a considerable number of papers is evident, judging by the number of journals that "adapt" our matter. Our editorials, our fourth page essayists and our humorists must be amazingly popular to be so railed on.

Rowell's American Newspaper Reporter is rather severe on the copyists. It says:

"All journals ought to be smart nowadays. It is so easy to be smart! A moderate-sized exchange list and a good pair of scissors are all that is necessary. Cut out the richest nuggets you can find, after a careful examination; change a few words here and there; set 'em up in brever type in a conspicuous part of your paper, and then enjoy your reward when they come back credited to you

as to whether he was at that time as steady as usual. He affirmed that he was, and that he was holding onto a lamp-post to make himself more so, and that he was in his usual mind.

Prof. Short O'Brians read a paper devoted to the amelioration of the moral and physical condition of bed-bugs.

Prof. Looney followed with a geological disquisition of pyrites, trilobites, and bivalves, and showed a brick which he had abstracted from his hat.

Prof. Lopera borrowed a chew of tobacco of the president, saying he would return it as soon as he got through with it. He read an able paper on the northern lights, and the scientific necessity of somebody sending for a bottle that had a green seal on it.

Prof. Punkened exhibited a section of raisin-cake which had been on the table at his boarding-house. It was discovered that two-thirds of the raisins had legs. The cake afforded such a fine study of natural history that it was ordered to be put among the new colors, which are only "ghosts of colors," yet are strangely attractive. Black is still worn by the most stylish people for street costumes, and indeed there are no colors, not even the invisible greens and navy blues, which match it in elegance.

There is little to be seen in the way of new materials; the cashmere, merinos, corded and repped merinos, wool satines, poplins, silks, and indeed all the new goods come in the new colors, which are only

"ghosts of colors," yet are strangely attractive. Black is still worn by the most

stylish people for street costumes, and indeed there are no colors, not even the invisible greens and navy blues, which match it in elegance.

Prof. Dredette presented a complex automatic figure with jointed arms and legs, which he worked with a string and made it dance. He said he had discovered the curiosity in a penny toy store down town, and was struck by its agility. An hour or more was spent in the examination of this wonderful curiosity. Prof. D. also presented for the president's inspection a box with a spring lid, which flew open and a monkey jumped up in the president's face, causing that learned man to straighten up suddenly enough to send his intelligent spectacles against the ceiling. It was pronounced an infernal machine, and a most diabolical attempt to assassinate the president, and the professor was assisted out of the window.

Prof. U. Kerr read a most interesting paper on the healthful and many scientific exercise of playing cards, and the beauty of

Prof. D. (ur) John exhibited a fish weighing twenty pounds, which he had caught himself. On opening it he found inside a couple of hair-pins, one pewter plate, one step-ladder, a brass kettle, a cast-iron stove, a brick cellar and a quarter section of plank-road.

The Congress then adjourned to a neighboring saloon to examine a Weis bier, which a sign said was within. WHITEHORN, Reporter.

Woman's World.

Fall and Winter Fashions—Composite Costumes.—Sacque Talmas and Dolmans.—The National Dress Trimmings—Embroidery, Lace, Fringe and Souache.

The readers of the "Woman's World" have right to expect that this number will be devoted to the caprices of fashion. The season has fairly begun, and now it is no longer doubtful what will be worn; what will be popular and what discarded.

In the first place, there are no material changes in the forms of garments, hats or bonnets. There are variations of last season's styles, and nothing more. Still there is an indefinable something which marks a new-style garment, and which is frequently produced by only a slight variation in the direction of a seam, the adjustment of a loop, or the manner of putting on a trimming of fringe, lace, passementerie, or hand-made trimming, and which renders the use of a cut paper pattern and a catalogue of fashions absolutely necessary to those who, living in remote interior cities and villages, would be their own dressmakers.

We propose giving a few hints to aid ladies in the selection of patterns, materials and trimmings, and the fashioning of their winter garments.

Among the most elegant importations we notice this year a great variety of what are called "composite costumes"—that is, a costume composed of sacque, talmas and dolman combined. These can be worn in a number of fanciful ways, so as to form different costumes at different times.

Sometimes the dolman and sacque only are worn. Then the tunic can be added, giving the effect of a polonaise; and again the tunic can be worn or left off, as the weather or occasion may require.

The variations of the sacque talmas are endless. Sometimes the back of the garment is a pointed cape, while the front is a regular sacque. Sometimes the cape is square, both back and front; and again the garment is given a postillion back, with

The Dolman is the favorite among these imported wraps. It is the most unique garment imaginable. There are many varieties of the Dolman, but they are all distinguished by a peculiar, pointed, wing-like sleeve, or rather a side-piece hanging over the arm, and ending in a long point hanging below the back of the garment. The back sometimes fits close, almost like a postillion jacket or tight sacque, and again it is a looser sacque, with a seam up the middle of the back, and slashed over the bustle; but, however the garment may be varied, the long, wing-like sleeve over a coat-sleeve, or the drooping side-piece beginning high on the shoulder and falling in with the skirt, is invariably.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

MY BLINDNESS.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

I know I'm blind, and cannot see
The gloomy shades that cover the sky,
And that must hereafter be
A mystery to my body's eye.
And oftentimes comes across my heart
With suddenness of arrows dart,
That dreary lingering sense of pain
That I shall never see again.

But straight this comfort comes to me,
To cheer my spirit's loneliness,
For this my body's sore distress,
And Fancy comes with healing wings
To show me the diviner things
Which dwell within her bright domain,
Till I forget my life is vain.

And then my subtlety of touch,
Is dear to me as is your sight;
For I can learn, with surety, much,
And hearing makes all things clear to me.
And tells me I can trust my choice;
And catch his footstep, though afar,
As if it were a clattering car!

So not all comfortless my lot,
But rather of great happiness,
For when I'm dead, and quite forgot,
Will it much matter, more or less,
What's become of me?
And when among the "fields Elysian,"
Shall not my soul's eyes see more bright,
For being here deprived of sight?

The Wronged Heiress: OR, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS
SHE?" "BAFFLED: OR, THE DEBENHAM PROP-
ERTY?" "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN,"
"TWO LOVES," "MIRAH BRE-
VOST'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUCCESSFUL PLOT.

WHEN the afternoon of the next day came round, Het Bender ensconced himself in an easy-chair in her dingy sitting-room, where she awaited with no small degree of impatience, the arrival of her expected visitor.

She had the happy consciousness of knowing that Mabel Trevor was safe under lock and key, and that she was likely not only to make quite a sum of money out of her, but—which was far better in her present state of mind—she could consign the girl to a fate such as would satisfy even her revengeful wishes.

"It's worth the risk, all things considered," she muttered, thoughtfully. "Two hundred don't grow on every bush. I shouldn't get half that amount from Miles, and the trouble would be trebled."

Then she resolutely put away the images of the two ruffians who had consigned Mabel to her keeping. It only unsevered her to think of them. And the better to banish them from her mind, she fortified her spirits with a stiff glass of brandy.

The way was clear for the contemplated interview. She had so managed that the ballet-girls were all busily practicing in the dormitory when the hour of four came round. There was scarcely the probability of an interruption.

Punctual to the minute, Gilbert Belmont made his appearance at the door, and was conducted up the creaking staircase to her mistress' sitting-room by the faithful Peggy.

Het greeted him with a bob of her head, and a cunning grin.

"And so you've come to take a peep at your sweetheart, eh?" she said, sharply.

"I told you I would come," returned Belmont.

"In course you did. You'll find I've told you the truth about the gal, too. She's as pretty as they are made, and no mistake."

Belmont shrugged his shoulders.

"Leave me to judge of that, my good woman."

"You shall see for yourself, and at once."

She rose, and hobbled toward the door.

The young man followed her somewhat reluctantly.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

"To the gal's room, of course."

"She may not be pleased with the intrusion."

While as he was, Belmont shrunk from forcing his presence upon a pure-minded girl for so base an object.

"What matter?" grinned Old Het. "The vixen can't help herself. She's in our power; and then she can't do any thing worse than to set up a wretched screechin', and I can soon put a stop to that."

Belmont did not feel like giving up the game at this early stage, and so he followed to the chamber of which Mabel Trevor was an enforced inmate.

Old Het noiselessly unlocked the door, and as noiselessly pushed it open.

Then, after having taken a single step into the apartment, she looked back suddenly and raised a warning finger to her lip.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "The gal's asleep. We'd better not waken her."

"No, don't waken her," Belmont returned, in the same low tone.

The two advanced on their toes to the center of the apartment, where they paused; the old woman then pointed toward a couch that stood in one corner, and said, with a grin of triumph:

"Look there, will you? Pretty ain't no name for her! She looks like an angel just left down from heaven."

Belmont's eyes followed the direction of her finger, and then he stood as if spellbound, gazing at the glowing image revealed to his sight.

It was, indeed, a vision of entrancing loveliness. The sleeping girl lay on the couch with her head half-buried in the pillow, over which a wealth of rippling yellow hair flowed in wanton profusion.

The rosebud lips were slightly parted, and a soft color, delicate as the pink in the heart of a sea-shell, suffused either cheek.

A gentle sigh heaved her bosom now and then, and two pale drops had scarcely escaped from underneath the fringed lids of the closed eyes.

Even in sleep, evidently, she could not forget her unhappiness.

Belmont gazed on her like one entranced, for some minutes. At last he drew a deep breath.

"What do you think o' the gal?" grinned Old Het.

"She is perfect—incomparable!"

"He, he! You'd better make it three hundred, and so be sure of sech a prize."

"Willingly."

"Good. That's like talkin', and the hag smacked her lips. "Now, if you've looked your fill at the gal, come away and we'll talk business."

They quitted the chamber, and hastily crossed to Old Het's own sitting-room.

They had scarcely closed the door behind them, however, when a figure rose up from an angle of the passage where it had been crouching, and followed them.

It was Julia.

She did not enter the apartment, however, but paused at the door and applied her ear to the keyhole. The good-hearted girl suspected that mischief was brewing, and intended to learn the precise nature of it.

The two arch-plotters had seated themselves near the door.

"Now, Gilbert Belmont," Julia heard Old Het say, "let us proceed to arrange our plans."

"Hush," cried the well-dressed rascal, in an angry tone of voice. "Don't mention my name, if you please, in this confounded hole."

"Humph. I'll be careful—you may rest assured o' that, my fine fellow. There's no eavesdroppin' around my premises."

"I don't believe in unnecessary risks."

"No more do I," returned Old Het. "But we ain't runnin' any risks—leastwise you ain't. But enough o' that. Now we'll come to an understandin'. I'm to give up the girl to you for three hundred dollars. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Dirt cheap, considerin' every thing. Why, if my part o' the transaction was to be found out, I'd have to slide for it."

"Maybe."

"I tell you that I would," growled the woman. "We must manage things mighty keen. When do you reckon on takin' the gal away?"

Julia, on whom not a word of this conversation had been lost, actually held her breath to catch the reply. It came after a minute's silence.

"This very night."

"Good," chuckled Old Het. "Be on the watch at least an hour before midnight. I'll manage to drop a key in the gal's room so that she'll be sure to see it. Of course she'll try to git away. Be ready to nab her the minute she leaves the house."

"Yes, yes."

"That's the best I can do. I don't dare work open-handed, you see. You are sure you understand every thing?"

"Where will you take the gal?"

"That's my business," returned Belmont, somewhat sharply.

"Of course."

"I don't mind telling you, however," he added. "I've got a snug little house up in Westchester county. It isn't far from the city, but she'll be safe enough there."

Julia waited to hear no more. Her bosom heaving with indignation toward the arch-plotters, she turned and fled along the passage, thinking to warn Mabel of her danger.

She found Peggy standing like a statue before the door of the locked chamber. She could not even call to the girl from without.

"What is the meaning of this extra vigilance?" she said to herself, in real perplexity. "Am I, or is anybody, suspected of sympathizing with that hapless captive?"

She was compelled to beat a hasty retreat and return to the dormitory.

Several times thereafter she ventured forth with the hope of being enabled to whisper a word or two through the keyhole—sufficient to put Mabel on her guard. But the door was always watched.

She found herself at her wit's end. Sometimes she was tempted to sally into the street and summon assistance of whatever sort. But Old Het was cunning as the devil and would surely find means to circumvent her, even were she to do that.

It was better to wait, trusting in Mabel's God to take care of her.

So the hours went by. Julia would have made a last effort on returning from the theater that night, but Old Het hustled the girls into the dormitory with even less ceremony than usual, and locked the door upon them, as was her custom.

Let us now go back to the time when Gilbert Belmont took his departure.

After sitting in earnest meditation for some time, Old Het had filled a tray with eatables and proceeded to the chamber of her captive.

She found Mabel wide awake, on this occasion, and sitting dejectedly on the edge of the couch.

"Sulkin' still?" she snarled, setting down her tray. "Humph! You'll soon git over that, you vixen. You're havin' too easy a time of it, by far. I'll put you to work, tomorrow, if a dozen like Handsome Hal stand in the way. So you'd better make up your mind to it."

Mabel shuddered, but answered nothing.

Just as Old Het turned to leave the room, a key slid from her dress and fell almost noiselessly upon the floor. She went away without appearing to have become aware of her loss.

Mabel heard her fumbling for some minutes afterward outside the door, and finally she went away. She had evidently locked the door with a duplicate.

With a throb of joy, the deceived girl picked up the key and thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

As her cunning jailer had calculated, she had already determined to make a second attempt to escape if the key should prove available.

On the previous occasion, she waited until the house was quiet, and the last of the ballet-girls had come in.

Then, having tested the efficiency of the key, she made a few hurried preparations and crept noiselessly from her chamber.

Scarcely venturing to breathe, she stole down the creaking staircase and reached the lower hall without interruption of any sort.

The key of the outer door was in the lock. Old Het had taken pains that it should be left there.

The bolt shot back after a little difficulty. The door-knob then yielded to her touch, and Mabel felt a waft of pure air strike upon her face.

"Joy, joy; she was in the street again!

She turned to dart away. At the same instant a dark form rose up from beside the steps, and before she could utter a single cry, a heavy cloak was thrown over her head and shoulders.

Then she felt herself lifted up in a pair of brawny arms, borne a little distance, and pushed into a carriage of some sort.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSING.

OLD HET was now fairly "in for it," as the saying goes.

Having once delivered up her charge to

the tender mercies of Gilbert Belmont, she could not safely neglect any means of concealing her treachery from Bill Cuppings and Miles.

It was a close game she had to play, but she was bold and bad enough to carry it through.

The morning subsequent to Mabel's unfortunate flight, Old Het took care not to visit the chamber of which the girl had been an enforced inmate until long after the breakfast was over.

On the occasion of this visit, she pretended to make the discovery of our heroine's secret.

Her first care was to send Peggy to search for Miles in the various low haunts he was known to frequent, and inform him of what had happened.

This, of course, was done, to disarm suspicion.

Afterward, she played the angry and disappointed fury to perfection, scolding and railing at everybody who came within the sound of her voice.

When Handsome Hal made his appearance, as usual, to look after the practicing of the dancing-girls, she met him with well-simulated anger.

"Curse you," she screamed, shaking her fist in his face, "what have you been up to?"

The good-looking rascal stared at her in dire amazement. He had not heard the news yet.

"What's wrong now?" he growled.

"What's wrong?" shrieked the virago. "Every thing's wrong. I tell you! I'm a ruined woman, and all along o' your cussed interference."

"Do compose yourself, you delectable queen of beauty, and tell me what has happened."

Old Het would never have endured such talk from anybody but Hal; he, however, was privileged to say what he pleased to her.

"As if you didn't know!" she retorted. "I'spected how 'twould end when you began to be sweet on the gal. You've sprited me away, and Miles'll make me answer for it."

"What ought we to do?" he asked.

"Don't know. Make a clean breast of it to Mrs. Laundersdale, perhaps, and get her help in hunting up the girl."

Bill Cuppings soon made his appearance, approaching the gate with a hasty stride.

"Something has happened, Miles, or you would not be here," he said, quickly and sharply, the instant he was within speaking distance.

"The very deuce is to pay," growled Miles.

"What do you mean?"

"Hasn't she been here?"

"Who?"

"Mabel Trevor."

"No," muttered Bill. "You don't mean to tell me that she's at large."

"Do compose yourself, you delectable queen of beauty, and tell me what has happened."

"What's wrong now?" he growled.

"Who's to hinder?"

"I will."

She threw out both her shriveled hands to him in a gesture of wild trepidation.

"Bring her back, my Apollo, bring her back!" she screamed. "That's the only way to set the matter all right with Miles. Bring her back, I say, or I'll not get a penny for my trouble ever since the jade came under this roof."

Her accents were much more piteous than they would have been but for the fact that she knew Miles himself had just made his appearance with Peggy, and was standing near the door of the apartment in which this conversation was being held.

"Humph. We have not the slightest clue to this."</p

Thus exhorted, Jutta, without any further hesitation, related all that had transpired, so far as she herself was acquainted with the particulars.

"I know this Gilbert Belmont," said Philip, at the conclusion of her recital, "know him for a base, bad man."

He spoke quite calmly, seeking to stifle the agony that stirred his soul. He felt strangely perplexed by the story to which he had just listened. He felt thoroughly convinced that Mrs. Laundersdale's tools had played her false in some manner; since it was not possible that she and Belmont were hand and glove to each other.

Honor among theives! Pah! There is no such thing. Where interest ends, there, too, is an end to honor.

And so reasoned Philip Jocelyn. He knew that a strange and most intricate game was being played.

Who held the winning cards? Time, alone, could answer that question.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 130.)

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNGRYBEAST," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PHYSICIAN'S GREAT LOSS.

AGAIN we take the reader back to the city of London, and to the night of the duel fought in the quiet retreat of Lord Chauncy's spacious grounds.

The worthy physician who had been called in as a party to the affair rode off in high glee, after carefully covering up all sign of the presence of his hasty charge.

"Aha!" he broke forth, giving his valet, and smiling complacently, "a good arrangement this—very good! A lucky affair—very lucky! Ahem—m—in it" (with another jerk) "a fine corpse—very fine! A good subject—an admirable dissection—ahem! a valuable skeleton. Theophilus Thump—you vagabond!—you're a fortunate man!"

And as he drove on, along the byway, he thought and muttered, smiled and chuckled, and congratulated himself upon being called in and favored by the noblemen.

The bargain had been that Doctor Theophilus Thump should have a dead body to carry away from the dueling ground—no matter who fell.

Turning into a narrow road that led up to the gateway of his residence, he gave his thoughts vent for a second time, as he saw the glimmer of a light from a window in the upper story.

"Aha! Theophilus Thump, you're a remarkably fortunate man. Now, what would my fat little wife say, if she only knew what a sociable companion I've got in here, eh? Ha! ha! lock the door on me, do not. Yes, my dear—sleep on; let the light burn; I've business to perform. No sleep for me—oh, no! Eh? what's that, now?"

He started and listened. He was sure he heard a sound, something like a groan, a strained sigh, though it was very faint.

He leaned forward, and glanced out at the side of his gig.

The road was long and silent, and though every object was distinctly visible in the moonlight, he saw neither beast nor human.

"Wonder what it was? Eh?—bless my heart! There it is again."

The nervous little doctor looked suspiciously at the white posts of the fence and listened anew.

Suddenly his jaws fell. His face paled, and the fingers that held the reins clutched the latter rigidly. His eyes stared widely, and he sat like one petrified.

Another low, half-smothered groan. There was a frantic scramble, an agile leap, and Theophilus Thump, dropping the reins, landed on the "dash" of the gig, with hair on end, and whole appearance that of a man amazed, terrified, incredulous, and anxious to escape the clutch of an imaginary ghost.

The horse stopped abruptly, nearly pitching Thump headlong out, and while the medical worthy struggled to recover his balance, he squealed:

"Hello, here! Lord bless my heart! Aren't you dead?"

Horace Rochester's eyes were gazing at him with a bewildered, vacant stare; and their owner asked, faintly:

"What has happened? Where am I?"

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried Thump, snappishly. "I thought you were certainly dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir, 'dead'! I was going to cut you into pieces within half an hour—and here you've spoiled all my calculations. You're a nice fellow! Demmy, sir, you've got no more consideration for the progress of medical science than if there was no need of it!"

Horace Rochester was far from being a dead man.

Lord Chauncy's sword had penetrated the right side, glanced upon a rib, and emerged at the back, beneath the shoulder-blade, producing a wound, severe but not necessarily dangerous; and the shock to the system had caused a temporary insensibility that was mistaken for death, considering the circumstances under which it was occasioned.

But the physician's disappointment quickly wore itself out, and he applied himself, now to the important task of preserving a human life.

Instead of a subject for dissection, he had secured a rich patient.

Horace Rochester was carefully nursed at the house of Theophilus Thump, who, when he had ascertained the nature of the wound, saw that the patient, who possessed a strong constitution, would soon recover. And as he lay upon his couch, he had opportunity to review all that had happened.

Under affliction, our improper courses in life are mounted before us; and it is then, if ever, that our conscience manufactures its own censure, and discovers the hitherto smothered voice of our better nature.

In the silence of the bedroom, he thought of that wife in America, toward whom he had acted so basely, for it can not be called otherwise; and of his child—of Pearl, who, unknown to him then, was to suffer so much through his faithlessness and sheer desertion.

Golden resolves formed within him during those lone hours; and from the bottom of his now changed heart, he cursed the in-

fatuation which had led him to deviate from the path of right and honor, and which had wrought his present condition of helplessness.

"I've news for you!" exclaimed Thump, a few days after the duel, as he sat by the side of his rapidly-improving patient.

"What is it?"

"Your rival, Lord Chauncy, has had a very narrow escape."

"How?"

"Pretty near had his life stamped out, that's all!" said Thump, with a long breath.

"Explain."

"Aha! that's just it—'explain.' Do it if you can. That's what we're after. We want an explanation—if we can get it. Lord Chauncy was found by his valet, lying in bed, almost strangled to death—at first it was thought that he was dead. But—lucky vagabond!—he still lives. Poor fellow! he's been terribly deceived, too."

"Deceived? How? Doctor, you are exciting me."

"Am I? 'Um! Keep cool—keep cool. You know Estelle Berkely?'

"I believe I do," with a bitter curl of the lip.

"Well, Lord Chauncy was to have married her soon. He made a will, leaving nearly every thing to her, in it. On the night of the attempted murder, this will was found on the stairway, between the library and the lower hall; and Estelle Berkely, she—"

"Yes—Estelle Berkely."

"She had disappeared."

"She gone!"

"That's the rub. Lord Chauncy nearly killed—Estelle Berkely missing—the will found on the stairway—see, eh, see?"

"Very suspicious," said Rochester, thoughtfully.

"Rather. And the authorities are after her."

"Ah!"

"They traced her to Liverpool—found that she'd gone to America. Detectives are now on the track. See?"

"Deceitful, treacherous woman!" he exclaimed, and his words meant more than other imagined.

Horace Rochester recovered in a remarkably short time, and with his returning strength, he determined to return at once to his native land, and communicate that determination to the physician.

"More news!" exclaimed Thump, coming in one day, while Horace was in the parlor, conversing with the estimable wife of the doctor.

"Well?" said Rochester, inquiringly.

"Your friend, Percy Wolfe, is in a confined difficulty, that's all."

"Ha! Wolfe in trouble!—what mean you?"

"Easy. Don't excite yourself. You see, facts are your sudden disappearance has been remarked. That 'remark' has assumed the proportions of a universal inquiry. The authorities are into it, and they want to know why Percy Wolfe left London in such a hurry."

"This never struck me before—"

"Me neither," broke in Thump.

"I must set the suspicions at rest, immediately. Wolfe is a good, tried friend, and must not suffer on my account. I'm off to-morrow, doctor."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. I have no time to spare."

And on the day following, in company with Thump, he made his existence and safety known to the authorities; after which, he shook hands in farewell with the medical gentleman—then bade adieu to the scenes that were distasteful to his sight, and renounced the associations that had ever been unpleasant, even though he had striven to make them otherwise.

In due time he was on the deck of a steamship destined to his native shore; and soon he was speeding forward on that eager trip that was to reunite him with the loved things his heart so yearned for.

As he stood looking over the bulwark, at the rippling, waving depths of green, he murmured to himself:

"England! farewell forever. America! my home! wife! child! I am coming to you for forgiveness!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LONG TRAIL.

PERCY WOLFE, instead of leaving Baltimore for the West, with his sister, on their errand of justice, went out on the 10:40 P. M. train for New York, under close guard.

"Gentlemen," he said, protestingly, as the cars moved away from the city. "I tell you there is some great mistake here. I am not guilty of any thing, wrong toward Hora—toward Herod Dean."

"Never knew a rascal, yet, but what he was ready to swear himself innocent as a bairn," grunted Brand.

The young man flushed.

"I am no rascal!" he exclaimed with vehemence.

Brand looked at him in a peculiar way.

"Suspicion is rather a stubborn thing," said Hardress, dryly.

"Tell me—what can it all mean?"

"Plain as a stump speech," answered Brand. "Herod Dean disappeared from the city of London. He was a man too well known not to be missed; and as there couldn't be found any cause for his voluntary departure, without a word of warning to even his most intimate friends, why, the authorities suspected foul play—and I don't blame 'em."

"I am an American, and an honest man—" began Percy, with warmth; but Brand interrupted him.

Lord Chauncy's sword had penetrated the right side, glanced upon a rib, and emerged at the back, beneath the shoulder-blade, producing a wound, severe but not necessarily dangerous; and the shock to the system had caused a temporary insensibility that was mistaken for death, considering the circumstances under which it was occasioned.

But the physician's disappointment quickly wore itself out, and he applied himself, now to the important task of preserving a human life.

Horace Rochester was carefully nursed at the house of Theophilus Thump, who, when he had ascertained the nature of the wound, saw that the patient, who possessed a strong constitution, would soon recover.

And as he lay upon his couch, he had opportunity to review all that had happened.

Under affliction, our improper courses in life are mounted before us; and it is then, if ever, that our conscience manufactures its own censure, and discovers the hitherto smothered voice of our better nature.

In the silence of the bedroom, he thought of that wife in America, toward whom he had acted so basely, for it can not be called otherwise; and of his child—of Pearl, who, unknown to him then, was to suffer so much through his faithlessness and sheer desertion.

Golden resolves formed within him during those lone hours; and from the bottom of his now changed heart, he cursed the in-

what will become of Nellie? Pearl? Ah! how unfortunate!"

These thoughts were tortuous beyond expression.

Upon their arrival in New York, the detectives repaired at once to headquarters, to report on their success, and telegraph to London.

Imagine their surprise when a telegram from London was handed them, which read:

"Herod Dean found. No case. He left here yesterday for New York."

Brand and Hardress congratulated their prisoner on the happy turn, and quickly released him.

"Herod Dean found!" exclaimed the young man, as he stared in blank amazement at the words of the telegram.

He could scarce believe his eyes.

Had he not seen Horace Rochester fall dead beneath the sword-blade of Lord Chauncy? It was strange, very strange, to him.

But his errand may be dangerous to our love, Isabel."

"How?" she inquired, unsuspectingly.

"He may have some outrageous story prepared for your ears—one intended to ruin your love for me. Whatever it may be, I assure you it is a vile plot against my honor. In fact, I am partially aware of such a plot being in existence."

"Come, let us go and see him. Depend upon it, Claude, if he touches upon any thing reflecting wrong upon you, I will order him from my presence—and so we will be rid of him for all time hereafter."

Again Claude Paine bowed, and there was a peculiar, triumphant twitching of the mouth's corners, as they proceeded toward the parlor.

He felt secure in imagining that nothing could affect this proud, beautiful woman's love for him.

But at the parlor door they paused. A tableau, unexpected as it was startling, met their gaze—and its center was Horace Rochester.

Isabel was as if turned to stone. All color fled from her face, and her large, lustrous eyes dilated in a half-wild, incredulous stare.

Upon Claude Paine the effect was electrical. A single sharp, hissing oath burst from his lips, and he dashed off along the corridor, running at the top of his speed.

As he bounded down the stairway, he collided with a man who was just beginning "show up" by one of the waiters.

It was Derrick.

"Hello, Paine!—what's up? Satan after you?"

"Worse!" cried the chagrined villain.

"The cake's dough! Rochester is upstairs, and there's the very Old Harry to pay!"

"P-h-e-w!"

The two left in quick time. The first train going out—we forgot which way—took the two plotters among other passengers, and they have not been seen since.

We will not attempt to describe the scene of re-union between husband and wife; nor to depict Isabel's astonishment when she learned the true character of the man to whom she had yielded up her heart in her supposed widowhood.

But all was explained, all was forgiven; and to-day, once more in their old home at Washington, with many of the tried servants restored to their familiar places, she is less a woman of the world, and loves her husband as she might never have loved him, had it not been for the lesson taught her by her narrow escape from the perpetration of a crime.

The old house in Washington looks, as it was ever wont—for Pearl, too, was there—Pearl, the bright, sunny fairy of old, around whose life there hovered for a time the sombre clouds of woe. She is happy as in those days before the first fall of sorrow came.

The meeting between father and child is another subject for the reader's imagination; and let it be one of the brightest pictures of joy that ever warmed the bosom or made wet the eye!

Miss Byrne (Nellie Wolfe) is with her former pupil—not longer a mere governess; for Horace Rochester, when he learned that Percy really had no definite home in view, would not hear of any thing but that his tried faithful friend should live with him. The two men have

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Everard found himself dismissed without an opportunity to say a word, while Sir Henry drew Miss Lacy to the further end of the room and engaged her in a long and mysterious conversation. The young man had nothing to do but obey Sir Henry's indication, and saunter to the window, where he stood looking down on the open expanse of the Bowling Green, then used as a drilling-place. Opposite to him was the wall of Fort George, the gates flanked by sentries in scarlet uniforms.

As Everard looked, the tears came to his eyes. He thought of the simple blue and yellow of his old companions, and wondered if he should ever see them again. He had entered the enemy's country, and was about to enter their service, resolved to escape the first opportunity, and turn his acquired knowledge to his country's service; but the part of spy revolted him, and he hated to begin it.

He stood by the broad window, looking down, and presently the sound of a cavalry bugle, blowing "To horse," struck his ear. The British signals were the same as those used by the Continentals then.

Soon he saw the sidewalkers begin to be lined with rows of gazers, looking up Broadway, as if at something coming down, and he stretched his neck to see. Before long the form of a mounted officer came into view, and the band over at Fort George simultaneously struck up "God Save the Queen," while the people on the sidewalkers cheered faintly. Everard could see that British troops occupying New York had not *localized* the inhabitants to any great extent, although they liked to see the brilliant parades.

He turned his eyes again up the street, and beheld the head of a column of cavalry, of most soldierly appearance, marching down six abreast, in better order than he had ever seen before.

Their uniform was remarkably picturesque, being in the beautiful and romantic hussar fashion, of dark-green cloth, barred with black, the hanging jacket, trimmed with fur, slung gallantly over the left shoulder. The men all carried carbines and pistols as well as sabers, and their snow-white cords, and polished Hessian boots with black tassels, were the perfection of neatness and natty completeness.

The horses all seemed to step together, and the dressing of the sections of six was absolute perfection, as Everard was forced to acknowledge to himself.

"Well, Mr. Barbour," said a voice close beside him, "do you think that's how you like your future comrades, sir?"

Everard turned and beheld the hand-some, smiling face of Major Andre.

"They are fine troops, sir," he answered, gravely. "Our men fought them at Germantown the year before last, and beat them."

Andre smiled.

"And since then Colonel Simcoe has made soldiers out of recruits. Let us go down, sir. I will introduce you to Colonel Simcoe."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

We must pass over a period of more than a year, and bring the reader to the summer of the year 1780, when a small party of cavalry in the dark and handsome uniform of the Queen's Ranger Hussars, were riding slowly along a narrow country lane in the vicinity of Paulus' Hook (now Jersey City). The men were all stout, active young fellows, who rode with their carbines at the "advance," the butt resting on the hip, while their keenly observant look, scanning the fields on every side, announced that they were scouting in dangerous ground. They rode in a small, compact body, with a single vedette about two hundred paces in front, and another the same distance in the rear, while two more occupied the flanks, and kept a wary look-out through the fields.

Along with the advanced vedette rode a young officer, whose handsome dress bore the gold-lace ornaments of a captain, on the sleeves. It was none other than Everard Barbour, to all appearance an active partisan officer of the British, by this time.

The country around them was flat and rich, the fields heavily loaded with wheat, nearly ripe for the sickle, while patches of wood here and there, scattered thickly over the face of the country, showed how lately it had been reclaimed from the forests that once covered it.

Tim took the letter and put it in his breast.

"And what'll ye do yourself?" he asked, nodding toward the party of Queen's Rangers, who seemed to be uneasy, for they were riding up and down behind the road fence, as if looking for an opening.

"I go back," said Everard, firmly. "I brought these poor fellows into danger, and I must take them out before I escape myself."

Tim smiled sarcastically.

"It's too late, liftant," he said. "Look yonder."

Everard started, and beheld several horsemen, with glittering weapons, on the other side of his party, cutting off their retreat to the British forces. Without another word, he turned and galloped back to his men, bound in honor as he felt to share their perils and bring them out safe. Compelled as he had been by circumstances to act the part of a spy and traitor to the British, he could not yet bring himself to sacrifice the lives of honest soldiers, who fought under a conviction of duty.

He was greeted with some confusion by his men.

"The rebels have cut us off, captain," said one.

"They came when you were talking to that countryman," said another.

"We'll have to fight our way back, sir."

Everard scanned the intercepting party through his telescope. They were about as numerous as his own men, and had halted across the road as if to bar retreat to the Queen's Rangers.

He looked round for Tim Murphy and the scout had disappeared. He must have gone off at a rapid pace. Judging from the quiet halt of the enemy Everard presumed that they must be awaiting reinforcements, and felt secure of their prey. They were not regular troops. He was sure of that from their lack of uniform. He recognized them at a glance for a troop of those infamous ruffians who vacillated from one side to the other, for purposes of plunder, called alternately "Cowboys" and "Skimmers," according to the side under which they took service.

His natural hesitation to fight against the Continental troops was banished from the moment he saw the foes he had to deal with. It was good service to either side to clear off such scums as these.

"Boys," said Everard to his men, who

Everard drew a pistol as he came, and imitated his companion's motion.

He, too, rode up to the fence, and gazed across it, with almost doubting eyes, upon the face and form of Double-Death, the scout!

Tim knew him at a glance, though Everard was far the most altered of the two. The Irishman's face gathered into a stern frown, and he looked grim and joyful at the same time, as he said:

"So, Misher Barbour, I've met ye at last, have I?"

"You have indeed, Tim," said Everard, sadly; "and I suppose, like the rest, you think me a traitor and turn-coat?"

"Bedad, I don't think it at all," said Tim, sternly. " Didn't I know it when ye deserted poor Miss Marian, the angel, for the devil-she-divil, the Spy Queen, as they call her? By the howly Cross, Misher Barbour, ye did a foolish thing to gallop here to mate me to-day."

"You're wrong, Tim," said Everard, quietly. "I carry my life in my own hand, and a pistol is as good as a rifle here."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," said Tim, still frowning. "What did ye come here for, anyway? Is it to ask if Miss Marian's alive? She is, no thanks to you, ye traitor."

"I supposed as much," said Everard, stung by the scout's tone. "I hope she enjoys the society of her husband, Black Eagle. I have heard all about their precious marriage."

Tim looked half angry, half puzzled, as he said:

"Black Eagle! What the devil are ye talkin' about? Black Eagle was kill at the Chemung, a year ago, and Tim Murphy's the b'y that shot him."

"And I suppose that his widow is quite ready to be consoled," said Everard, sneeringly. "I wonder you don't make love to her, Tim?"

"Widdy! Black Eagle, is it? Sure he left none," said Tim, simply. Astonishment seemed to be taking the place of anger for a while.

"Well then, call her Marian Neilson," said Everard, impatiently. "Why don't you marry her, if you're so fond of her?"

"Is it me, now?" asked Tim. "Sure and I haven't a chance. If she hadn't a made me promise not to hurt yez, yez'd a' been a dead man afoor now, Misher Barbour. And I'm thinking she's just a fool as fast as his horse would go. Luckily for him that horse was a splendid animal, capable of clearing any fence or ditch. His followers were not so well off. Everard knew that the first fence would see most of them taken prisoners.

He went straight for the field in which he had met Murphy, and the gallant horse cleared the high rail fence, far in advance of the heavy chargers of the dragoons. Everard pulled up and looked round. As he had anticipated, pistol-shots and sabre-cuts were exchanging on the other side of the day was changed, and Everard was a fugitive from his old comrades, galloping as fast as his horse would go. Luckily for him that horse was a splendid animal, capable of clearing any fence or ditch. His followers were not so well off. Everard knew that the first fence would see most of them taken prisoners.

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A LEERIC.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
We've traveled long together,
Yet we have never been good friends
Especially in bad weather.
Truly, we've never been
Think much of me, and me, John;
But then you made me think of you.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
It always was your pleasure,
To give me pain, when at a ball
I'd try to dance to measure.
When some one got you unseated,
It made me think of you, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
It made you ten times more alive—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
You always made objections
Unto a neatly-fitting boot—
I went by your directions.
You would never have me please;
You told me to be slow, John;

And then you always had your way—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
You liked smooth roads for walking,
And if we got on sidewalk rough,
You always went to balking.
And then you always had your way—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John.

John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John,
We've climb life's hill together,
And many a lonesome day, oh, John,
We've had with one another;
And when I'm ill, I'll be with you,
And when you're down, shall go, John.

You'll never sleep upon the foot—
John Bunioncorn, my Jo, John!

A Green Hand.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

THE captain was very much shocked when he found that the poor fellow was seriously hurt. He turned round on Grubb, and gave him a severe blow up about the brutality with which he had treated the crew all along.

"I've sailed my last voyage with you, Mr. Grubb," he concluded. "I always calculate to do my duty and make my men do theirs, but you're never satisfied unless you're abusing some one, and here you've gone and disabled as good and faithful a young fellow as ever I saw for a green hand. Go to your berth under arrest, sir. We'll be in port-to-morrow night, and if you're on the ship twenty-four hours longer, I'll report you to the consul."

Grubb went off to his berth quietly enough. The last words of the captain seemed to frighten him, for many a brutal officer on the high seas, when he comes close to shore and the dominion of the law, becomes remarkably civil and obliging, dreading to be brought to account for the cruelties he practices with impunity on the open deep.

We had to carry poor Barlow forward and lay him in his bunk, and it was a long time before he came to. When he did he complained of a great pain in his side, and we found that the last kick of the mate's boot had broken two of his ribs besides hurting him in the stomach and bowels very seriously.

We were not much of doctors aboard, but we made him as comfortable as we could, and he had no more duty to do for that voyage, besides being free from the tyranny of the mate.

In spite of our apparently prosperous wind, however, it was four days more before we got into the Mersey, and Grubb was better than his word with the captain, for he left us in a shore boat before we got to the wharf. He was desperately afraid that Barlow would take the law of him when he got into Liverpool.

But poor Barlow was in no condition to do this. When we reached the wharf he was in a high fever, and we had to send for the doctor at once, as we had no surgeon aboard.

The crew all left the vessel very soon after getting their pay, and I supposed that Barlow would have been sent to the hospital, but the doctor said that as our forecastle was pretty clean and quite quiet he might as well stay there, especially as the steward was going to stay aboard as shipkeeper and promised to keep him in good food.

The owners were very much interested in the case, and did all they could to make him comfortable, especially when they heard his name, and learned from the captain how ill he had been treated.

The Barlows had several relations in the house, some in New York, some in Liverpool, but old Ezra Barlow, the head of the house, had retired from active business, and lived at a very handsome villa some miles back of Liverpool.

I often thought it funny that when Sam Barlow, the Liverpool partner, asked young William if he wasn't any relation of the Barlows of Rhode Island, the young fellow hesitated and evaded the question, without denying or affirming it explicitly.

But I soon had enough to do, amusing myself in Liverpool, to forget about poor sick William, till I had seen the sights.

Then I did remember the poor fellow, and thought to myself that I would take a walk to the ship and see him.

I found him still lying in his bunk, pretty weak, and very much tired of having nothing to do. He was able to sit up and walk about a little, and longed to be out in the air once more.

I cheered him up by giving him all the news I had, and finally got out a newspaper for him. It was the *Manchester Guardian*, I think.

"I can't read down here, Mr. Coffin," said poor Billy. "It's too dark to see a word. Won't you tell me what's in the paper?"

"Well," says I, "there's a mighty curious advertisement in it, which might concern you, or again it mightn't."

"What is it, sir?" he asked me, languidly turning his head away.

"Well," says I, "tell me first. Are you any relation to Jabez Barlow, a brother of old Ezra's, who left home thirty years ago to be a soldier?"

"Why do you ask?" says he, in a low voice.

"Because here," says I, "is an advertisement which concerns any of his kith and kin, but if you ain't one I won't read it."

"Please read it," Mr. Coffin, says he.

"I am one."

Then I read out this advertisement from the paper.

"If any children or representatives remain alive of the late Jabez Barlow, who was killed on the Indian frontier of the United States while in the United States Dragoons, and who left his home in Providence in the year 1880, and if they will call upon Mr. James Roberts, 33 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, they will

hear of something to their advantage. Liverpool office at Mr. Ezra Barlow's, 117 Queen street, between the hours of 9 and 11 A. M."

When I had finished reading, there was William Barlow started up in his bunk, with his hands uplifted, looking petrified with amazement.

"Read it again, please, Coffin," was all he could say.

I read it over a second time, he remaining in the same attitude of surprise as before.

When he had finished, he sunk back in the berth, and said:

"Thank God!"

"I am the only son of Jabez Barlow," he said to me, presently; "and I came over here, at the request of my dead mother, to see my uncle Ezra. But I had heard so much of his harsh and unforgiving nature from both my dead parents that I dreaded to go near him more, the nearer I got. I sent him a letter the day I got into port, only telling him that I was alive, but not where I was; and this is the answer to it. It shows that he has forgiven my father at last for what he called 'disgracing the family' and going for a soldier. I must go and see him to-morrow morning."

"But you're not strong enough to walk there, my lad?" I remarked.

"I shall be to-morrow, Mr. Coffin," he said. "You don't know what a medicine hope is. I worked my passage over here, and suffered so much on the voyage, that it made me miserable to think of the same life forever. But now I can probably keep at sea under a better state of things, and who knows, you and I may sail together again yet; for I love the sea, and you're the only man who has been kind to me, Coffin."

"Well, boys, to make a long story short, we went to old Ezra Barlow's together, the very next day, and it turned out as he expected. The old gentleman had been very angry with his brother for many years, but as he was getting to be very old and lonely, his nephew's letter had touched a soft spot in his heart.

He received him very kindly, and at once acceded to his wish to let him learn seamanship, till he could command a vessel of his own.

Many a pleasant voyage did we take,

the red, and the Indian of mixed blood is no criterion by which to judge the race.

The Indian of Reality comes far short of the perfections of the Indian of Romance, yet very many of them, while being the most unrelenting of enemies, are at the same time the most steadfast of friends.

Many of my readers will undoubtedly wonder how a man who had been reared in a civilized community, in one of the most rigid and aristocratic families in the State, could ever participate in such scenes of carnage and bloodshed as I did while among the Indians.

Had I remained with them until this time, I should doubtless have experienced the natural ferocity of the Indians themselves.

I have seen the path of the trapper dyed with his own blood, drawn from his heart by an ambushed Indian who never knew mercy, but remorselessly butchered all who came in his way. But such is Indian nature. I learned this one truth while I was among the Indians: a white man can easily become an Indian, but it is one of the impossibilities to make a white man of an Indian.

Some of the most cruel savages I ever saw in my life were white men, who had run away from the States to escape hanging, or the State Prison, and had joined some Indian tribe to prey upon and murder those of their own race who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. I could give the names, and relate the fiendish outrages of many of them, but it would do no good, and the devil is sure of them whenever he wants them.

When I fought with the Sioux or Blackfeet, it was in their behalf against the most relentless enemies of the whites. If I preferred to become an Indian while living among them, it was no one's business but my own, and it was a source of gratification to me to know that while with them I saved more lives and property for white men than a hundred soldiers could have done in the same time.

At one time I was employed as a scout by the commandant at Fort Owen, and while in the government service I met with one of those incidents so rare in the

soft-footedness of the Sioux.

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but in a broken country, woe to his assailants, unless life is saved by some trick, a lucky shot, or some unlooked-for expedient. These bears weigh from six to fifteen hundred pounds, and their fore paws, which they can manage with the dexterity of a trained boxer, often measure fourteen inches across.

The courage, skill and sagacity invariably shown by a grizzly bear when fighting, is not equaled by any other animal on the face of the globe, not excepting even the African lion.

Of the Indians, who live mostly by hunting, nine out of ten would, single-handed and alone, put to flight a dozen of the cowardly Africans who generally hunt the lion in his native wilds; and among the braves of any tribe, he is the bravest who, alone, will attack and kill a grizzly bear. If he succeeds, which is rarely the case, his fortune is made in the tribe for all time. The reputation of performing so great a deed will follow him to his grave, and will form one of the chief features in the tradition which is handed down from father to son, through all succeeding generations.

When Lola Montez resided in California, she kept a grizzly bear as a pet about the house; but then Lola was a singular woman, and it is not to be wondered at that she should take to singular pets.

I had rested but a few minutes upon the carcass of the bear, when, hearing a noise behind, I turned my head and saw six Indians, each with an arrow fitted to his bowstring, who had undoubtedly witnessed my fight with the bear, and who were thinking no doubt that they were about to become the possessors of the bear, as well as a prisoner; for they all made a rush for me.

By a lucky shot I brought down the foremost Indian, badly wounding the one behind him, who made more noise than a dozen men should. I then turned to run, thinking I could distance them and pick them off one at a time. The four immediately let fly their arrows, every one of which passed through my clothing, but only grazed the skin. I turned, and firing, brought down another. Half of them were disposed of, and I began to think I was bagging an uncommon amount of

It was not that I was possessed of more courage than they, but that, having nothing to live for, I was perfectly reckless as to the result.

The rapidly progressive failure of their principal and almost their only means of subsistence—the buffalo—has created great alarm among the Sioux; and at this time there are only two modes presented to them by which they see a good prospect for escape: starvation: one of these is to rob the settlements along the frontier of the States; and the other is to form a league between the various tribes of the Sioux nation, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and make war against the Crow nation, in order to take from them their country, which is now the best buffalo country in the West. This plan they now have in consideration; and it would probably be a war of extermination, as the Crows have long been advised of this state of affairs, and say they are perfectly prepared.

The Crows are the strongest band of warriors in the Rocky Mountains, and are now allied with the Snake Indians; and it is probable that their combination would extend itself to the Utahs, who have long been engaged in war against the Sioux.

I know from experience that the Crows are good fighters, for they once made a raid into the Teton village, and "borrowed" about three hundred horses. Immediately a party started in pursuit, and overtaking them on the plain, we at once charged upon them. The battle was short and decisive, and resulted to the Sioux in the loss of three warriors, and probably as many of the Crows were killed. Our killed were disposed of by the medicine-men, with what ceremonies I never knew.

Whatever may be the funeral rites among the Indians on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, I am satisfied that most of the tribes of Indians on the east side of this same range use few, if any, imposing ceremonies in committing the body to the dust. It is very difficult to discover the bones of an Indian on the plain, and therefore I believe, and herein I am assisted by the observations of men who were reared among them, that these Indians burn their dead bodies when they can do so, or completely hide them in the mountains by covering them with rocks, so that it is impossible to find them. Such a course would also serve the purpose of preventing the wolves from digging them up.

During a long residence among the Sioux and other western tribes I never witnessed an Indian burial; the dead bodies being disposed of by the medicine-men in some manner unknown to me!

The Blackfeet almost invariably roll their dead in blankets, and tie them in the branches of the trees. If by any chance one should fall out, the wolves perform the closing ceremony.

Among the Nez Perces a rude scaffold is constructed by setting crotched stakes in the ground and then laying on cross-poles; upon which the bodies are laid, and where they remain until the supports decay. This style of Indian "burying-grounds" are very numerous along the upper Missouri river, especially above Fort Benton.

The Crows fasten the remains of their dead in trees, until the flesh is decayed; their skeletons are then taken down and inhumed in caves. Sometimes they kill the favorite horse of the deceased and bury him at the foot of the tree, but that custom is not universal.

The early history of this comparatively unknown region, the Far West—the country now occupied by the Sioux of Montana—will confer untold benefits on our literature. It will furnish new and striking themes for the historian, the poet, the novelist, the dramatist, and the orator, and its hills and valleys are equally rich in events and scenes for the historical painter. As a great number of those who first threaded the lonely and silent labyrinths of our primitive woods were men of intelligence, the story of their perils and exploits has a dignity which does not belong to the history of any other nation. We shall delight to follow their footsteps and stand upon the spot where, at night, they lit the fire to frighten off the wolf; where the rattlesnake infused his deadly poison into the foot of the rash intruder on his ancient domain; where, in the tall grass, they lay prostrate and breathless, while the enemy, in Indian file, passed by. Some one will plant corn over the spots once fertilized with their blood; the land where they met the unequal war of death and remained the conquerors.

From the hero we will pass to the hero's wife, the companion of his toil, and too often the victim of the dangers into which he plunged. We shall find that she was equal to the occasion. Contented under deprivation, and patient through that sickness of the heart, which nature infests on her who wanders from the home of her fathers; watchful, that her little one should not stray from the cabin door and be lost in the dark and pathless woods; wild with alarm when the night closed in and the wanderer did not return; or frantic with terror, when the yell of the Indian told the dreadful tale that he had been made a captive, and could no more be folded to her bosom. We shall follow her to other scenes, when the merciless foe assaulted the little cabin, where, in the lonely night, the lone family must defend itself or perish.

Here it was that she rose above her sex in active courage; and displayed, in defense of her offspring more than herself, such examples of self-possession and personal bravery, as will clothe her in a new robe of moral grandeur.

The exciting influences of this perilous age were not limited to men and women; the child also felt their power and became a young hero; the girl fearlessly crushed the head of the serpent that crossed her path, when going alone to the distant neighbor; and the boy, while yet too young to carry the rifle, placed the little tomahawk in his buck-skin belt, and followed in the wake of the hunter; or salled forth, a young volunteer, when his father and brothers pursued the retreating savages.

Even the dog, man's faithful sentinel in the wilderness, had his senses made keener, and his instinct exalted into reason, by the dangers that surrounded his playmates of the family. The war-fires which blazed beneath the white limbs of the sycamore will be superseded by the lights of the quiet farm-house; the gliding bark canoe will be banished by the impetuous steamer; and the very shore on which the enemy raised their frightful death-yell will be washed away by the agitated waters.

All honor to the pioneer settlers of the Far West; the nation should raise a monument to their memories.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

Mohenesto:

OR,
Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

VII.—A Dose of Truth.—Reason in all Things.—Scouting for Uncle Sam.—Fight with a Grizzly.—A Lucky Shot.—To Live, or Not to Live.

About Grizzly Bears.—Household Pets.—A Fight with the Indians.—Pluck Against Luck.—Decrease of Buffalo.—Fears of the Sioux.

How They Propose to Remedy the Evil.—Funeral Ceremonies of the Sioux, Blackfoot and Crow Indians.—Early History.—First Settlers.

Very many writers have formed their opinions of Indian character from associating with the half-breeds or the more degraded remnants of Indian tribes to be found in the States. As a rule, the half or quarter-breed Indian is about the meanest specimen of humanity extant. The treachery and vindictiveness of the white more than counterbalances the good qualities of

the Indian.

It is not going beyond the bounds of

truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the

Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet,

wherever the hunting-ground, or whatever

the animal may be.

When caught out on the open prairie,